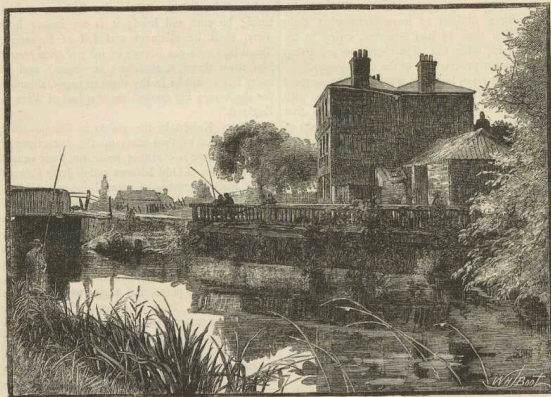


for such simple luxuries. We ourselves rejoice to find as good a dinner at the Rye House as at the Bedford, instead of bringing out of our fish bags 'a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two.' We sit contentedly sipping our sherry and water and puffing our cigar under alcoves festooned with roses, instead of indulging in such rare gratification as that with which happy Isaak finished his three days' sport—'a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which all put together make a drink like nectar—indeed, too good for anybody but anglers.'

No milkmaid's mother sings 'an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.' The forms of our pleasures and their accompaniments in other respects incessantly change, but their natural backgrounds are eternally fresh and perennially welcome."

Stanstead Abbots is so called because it formerly belonged to the Abbey of Waltham. Of the church there is little to say, except that it contains some fine monuments, and dates from the latter half of the 14th century. In this parish is an old



COOK'S FERRY. (See page 566.)

The habitual economy of those times enabled the industrious tradesman to be occasionally expensive in his tastes. The cheapness and rapidity of modern conveyance permits the London artisan to have a full day's relaxation with that best of economies, the economy of his time. Our holiday enjoyments are perhaps not quite so poetical as when the cheerful old Piscator went out with a determined purpose to be happy. On the banks of the Lea no milkmaid now charms us with 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,' of

'Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.'

endowed school and almshouses, founded in 1636 by Sir Edward Baish, a gallant Royalist, who spent nearly all his fortune in the cause of the King. Close by is Easney, more properly Isenye, a seat of the Buxton family, erected by Waterhouse in 1868-70. At Stanstead Bury are the remains of a Roman fortress, in which was a small chapel.

Once more resuming our pilgrimage along the banks of the Lea, we soon pass under the railway-bridge of the Cambridge branch of the Great Eastern Railway, and shortly after arrive at the junction of the Stort with the Lea, at which point Essex begins. Close by is a fishing cottage, which stands on the most northerly detached portion of Epping Forest, whence a footpath across a couple of